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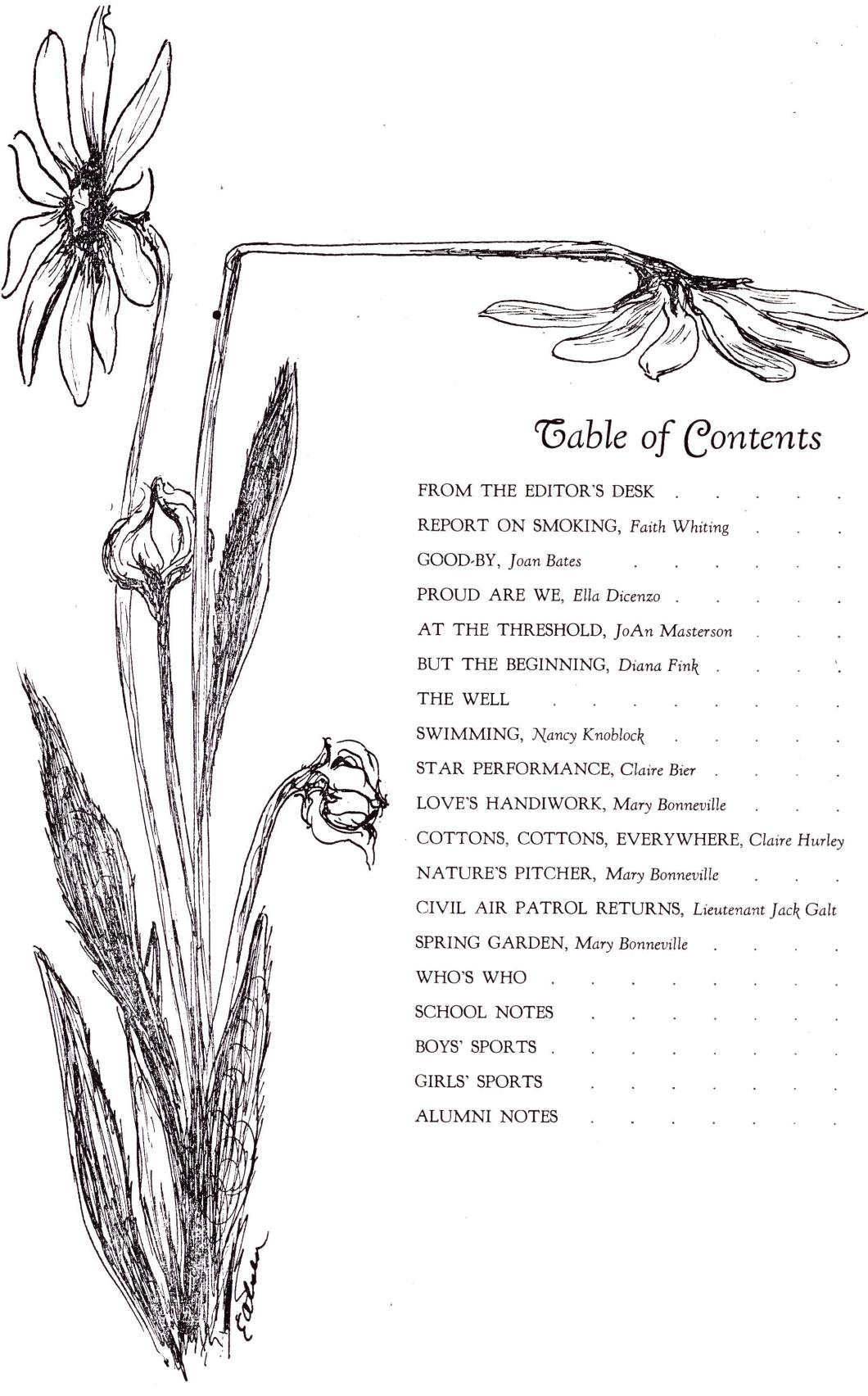


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ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

Mary Bonneville

"Great Has Been Thy Former Record"

By Mary Bonneville

WHAT is it about a cap and gown that makes one stop to think—not just about the future but about the past years? Sometimes in the mind of the seniors, there is a fear that their high school career has not been a successful one. Our seniors can graduate unafraid. The Class of 1949 has done well and deserves to be congratulated.

Yes, congratulations are in order to a group which has tried its best to prepare for life after graduation. When criticism is made, no matter how small or isolated the case, worthwhile accomplishments are often forgotten. At this season of the year, it is time to remember how successfully the Class of 1949 led in the organization of our student government, how the seniors managed such programs as the operetta—an undertaking which gave pleasure to others as well as to the school. Then too, the graduating class has helped others by supporting a splendid CARE program and given happy memories through good-will collections and proms—to name only two ways. During its school career, the group has shown many qualities of good citizenship—cooperation and interest in clubs and committees, good sportsmanship at games. Most important of all, not

only have the seniors grown mature in attitude and behavior, but they have studied and learned.

In recalling the past, graduates realize the debt owed to those who have guided, helped, and encouraged the class through these past years—to an understanding faculty, to many classmates, and of course to loving parents. Accomplishment must act as praise, for adequate thanks can never be expressed in words. As a wordless, silent tribute each forty-niner has dedicated a part of his heart to them for having made him what he is.

Graduation brings to mind the many others going out into life with the necessary courage to preserve and maintain values that all have learned. This realization gives a feeling of pride in having successfully worked toward something greater than individual goals—the laying of the future's foundation.

To the Class of 1949 which has learned the practices of good government and management, the ideals of citizenship, to a class which appreciates the wonderful experience of high school and the door this experience has opened, this is a tribute. Congratulations, 1949. Your work is well done.

Report On Smoking

By Faith Whiting

AFTER six weeks of smoking privileges, it is interesting to study the situation and see how the new regulations are working. The plan was to allow the boys to smoke during recess periods in the courtyards behind the building, with the understanding that there would be no more smoking in the building or between periods. Refuse cans were placed in the smoking areas for discarded cigarette butts.

In most respects the plan has proved successful. Although it has not completely stopped smoking between periods, it has lessened it to a great extent. Faculty supervisors and building custodians both testify to this. During an interview with Mr. Strout we learned that fewer boys are smoking at noon than he had expected. One reason was expressed by a smoker when he said, "Half the fun is gone, now that we aren't getting away with anything. Cigarettes taste better when you have to sneak them!"

It is noticeable, however, that not everyone is cooperating. An inspection of the rear of the building showed that only a few are smoking in the courtyards, and still fewer are using the refuse cans! Instead, many use the driveway at the rear and leave it littered with butts.

The reason for the back-of-the-building smoking area was to keep the front of the building clear and uncluttered. Yet in front one morning recently, more than thirty butts were counted on the steps alone. Many stubs littered the corners nearest the street where the boys still gather to smoke before and after school. These areas are the first thing a passer-by notices. Certainly they now give the public a poor impression of our school.

With a little effort from the smokers this situation can be corrected. If the boys would do their smoking in the courtyard and not

leave butts scattered around, we should have a better looking school and grounds, and the privilege of smoking would become permanently established. What do you say, boys? What about a little more co-operation?

GOOD-BY

By Joan Bates

We have reached the end of our journey,
'Tis true we have travelled far;
Twelve long years we have labored
To attain the far-off star.

That goal seemed very distant
And our studies had only begun,
But now at last we've reached it
And the arduous journey is done.

Through the grammar grades we passed—
Right on to junior high;
But even then we felt a pang,
And left it with a sigh.

We travelled on to high school;
How the years sped quickly past!
We hardly knew we had reached it,—
Tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and last.

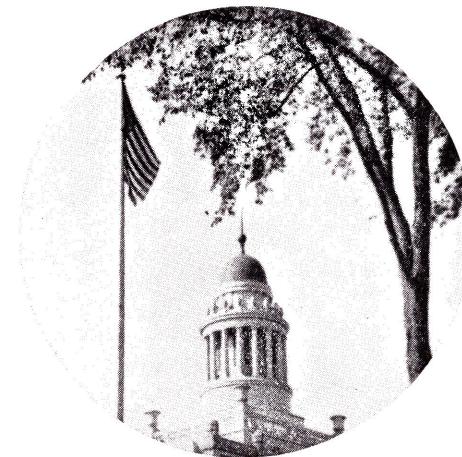
For as those years slipped by us,
We never counted hours;
We only waited for the day
To call diplomas ours.

Now suddenly, that day is here:
The day when we must go.
We did not dream the time would come
When we would miss school so.

And as we leave its friendly halls.
And dome that rises high,
To P. H. S. and all our friends
We can only say—good-by.

Proud Are We

By Ella Dicenzo



THE dome rising majestically above all nearby buildings, the ivy hugging the red brick walls, the spacious sweep of the steps, the lofty spruces and elms shading the walks—all these constitute the outward appearance of our beloved school. Inside . . . inside it's warm and friendly and alive with active, ambitious students, and teachers who are interested in the welfare of their pupils. As we who are graduating this June prepare to say farewell to our alma mater, we cannot help but stop and think of the many wonderful memories we have of the three unforgettable years we have spent here. Some memories are humorous, others sad; still, each one of them has a special significance for us.

First there are the everyday events—the noise at lunch as everyone rushes madly for tables, the dread oral topics, Mr. Herberg's math tests, the click-click of typewriters on the third floor, the hum of motors emanating from the machine shops, the bulletin which always seems to come just when we need that extra second to look up that verb we forgot to study the night before, the dances to celebrate our teams' achievements, the gossiping in study hall, the rallies led by our peppy cheerleaders and the band stirring up

still more excitement with its snappy marches, the mad rush for those seats at assemblies, and then Mr. Strout's traditional conclusion, "And now pass to your first period."

Then there are those extra special events, such as our first prom, the tree at Christmas-time, the operetta, class elections with everyone wearing banners for their favorite candidates, the all-important St. Joseph-P. H. S. Armistice day football game, and finally our own graduation day.

Now, as that day approaches us, our hearts are bursting with pride, knowing that we have just completed three very wonderful years at this school. As we stand on the threshold of a new adventure, a new experience, we hope that each one of us will prove ourselves worthy to call this school our alma mater, for . . .

"Proud are we who through thy portals into life do pass;

Help us ever to be worthy, each and every class.

Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield High School,

Alma Mater dear,

Help us to preserve thy honor
Through each coming year."

AT THE THRESHOLD

By JoAn Masterson

Alone I come with one hand clenched in impatience and readiness;
The other is stretched forward to gain the door of the Unknown.
Whatever I find I will face it with a clear mind and a strong heart.
When I think of what I may find, the Fear of the Unknown is overwhelming,
But courage and eagerness are still present within me—
The door is opening.—

But The Beginning

By Diana Fink



PAT sighed. The walk home from school had never seemed so long and arduous before. Maybe it was because her heart had never before seemed so heavy. She sighed again and kicked a stone that lay in her path. The humid June air seemed to press down on her and almost overpowered her. She guessed that almost anything could overpower her now. She felt so heartsick, so lost.

The word "last" kept creeping its evil way into the foreground of her mind. The last class, the last walk home, the last prom, the last graduation. It was all too unreal. Had the years of her childhood and her youth really flown by so rapidly? It seemed only yesterday that she, as a timid sophomore, had watched the graduation exercises of her predecessors with only one thought in mind—the wish that the years would pass hurriedly so that she, too, might graduate. How foolishly she had wished her life away!

Tonight was the senior prom. Pat supposed she should be happy. After all, she was going to the prom with the boy she had been praying would ask her. Shouldn't her heart be singing with joy? But the terrible feeling that had been slowly creeping upon her for the past few weeks, since graduation practice had begun in earnest, sat heavily on her heart.

Would she ever again feel secure and happy in the close friendships that school had fostered? Would she ever again know what was coming next?—what could be expected from the next day? the next month? Would she ever be able to struggle to the top in the outside world as she had in the world which revolved around her high school? She wondered, and wondering hurt and confused her.

As she rounded the corner of her street, Pat saw her little sister, Sandy, complacently sitting on the front steps and eating bread

June, 1949

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and jam. Sandy had a box in her lap and was absorbed in its contents. As she saw her older sister approaching, she jumped to her feet and bounded toward her.

"Pat! Pat! Look! See my caterpillars? I've got more than anyone on the block! I've got twenty-seven and a half! That's because Tommy Rogers and me had a fight and he pulled off the other half!"

"Tommy Rogers and I, Sandy—and I have more important things to do than to look at caterpillars." Pat swept past Sandy into the house, and the youngster gazed at her in wonder.

"What bit her? Probably that stupid old dance and that stupid old graduation. Marshmallows! she should be happy! Wish I was graduating! Tommy and ME!"

Evening came very quickly. Pat mused over how the days flew when one wished they would linger. She took her dress down from its hanger and held it close to her as she scrutinized herself in the mirror. The silver lame contrasted so beautifully with her black hair, and the full skirt accentuated her small waist.

She sighed and hung the dress up again. She was so full of sighs. Each one brought her closer to the inevitable graduation.

"Pat, supper is ready."

"Okay, Mom, I'll be right down." As if anyone could eat supper when her whole life was about to change.

Supper was the same as usual. Pat's mom and dad acted as they always did—Sandy made the usual pig of herself. Only Pat was different. Her little world was falling apart, and she didn't know what to do about it.

"Pat, dear, what is the matter with you? You haven't touched your food—you look as though you'd lost your best friend. My dear daughter, don't you know that this is supposed to be the happiest time of your life? Graduation, the prom—doesn't it excite you at all?"

Oh, yes, it excited her; but deep down, Pat knew that these things were only her

ticket out of school and into a strange, unknown world. And it frightened her.

Pat wondered about Jerry. He didn't seem to care at all. Why, only this morning he had joked and told her to "be ready or I'll go with the blonde next door". It wasn't that Jerry was dumb and didn't realize or couldn't comprehend this thing that was happening to them. It seemed as though he just didn't care.

Right on the dot of eight-thirty the doorbell rang; and Pat, defying all convention, answered it.

"Wow! What's happened to you, Pat? You look—beautiful!"

This was just the sort of left-handed compliment that was typical of Jerry, but Pat decided against retorting with a like statement. Jerry looked better than usual, too, in his new white jacket.

She succumbed to his infectious grin as he handed her a box that obviously contained flowers.

"Just some old weeds to make a pretty girl look prettier."

Weeds! Uncontrollable tears came quickly to her eyes as Pat held up the first orchid she had ever received. How proud she would be to wear it. She speechlessly showed it to her parents as Jerry awkwardly stuttered, "Heck, what are you crying for?"

Pat grasped his hand in a gesture of wordless thanks. To cover up his obvious embarrassment Jerry threw her wrap around her shoulders and, saying goodbye to her mother and father, led her out to the car.

The gym was gaily decorated, but the lights were so dim that the decorations could hardly be seen. Jerry was hurt.

"We work our heads off to fix up the place, and then they shut the lights off so that no one can see it. It's a conspiracy, that's what it is?"

Laughing, happy seniors were dancing to the smooth, flowing music. Everyone seemed to be enjoying himself—everyone that is, but Pat. As she whirled around the

floor, the same depressing feeling gripped her again. It hit her mercilessly. This wasn't how she had always pictured her senior prom. Where were the gay thoughts she should be thinking, the thrill and romance that the word "prom" suggests? Search as she might, she couldn't find in her heart the carefree elation that rides on the wings of a graduation prom. Her dream bubble had burst. In its place was only the stark realization that, other than the day of graduation, this was the last time she would ever see the kids all together, the last time she would ever see most of them. Soon they would be scattered, fighting for a place of their own in the world they had formerly viewed from the shelter of school and home. How could they be so happy? Didn't they know? Or didn't they care?

"A penny for your thoughts!"

"Oh, Jerry! I'm sorry. I guess I'm just not very good company tonight. I can't seem to get into the swing of things. I was thinking—here you are enjoying yourself so much. How can you be so happy when your whole life is about to change? When the best part of your life is almost gone?"

"Oh, I guess I'll manage. I've got a pretty good-looking face, you know, and"

"How can you joke so?" She looked at him in dismay.

"Say—I do believe you're serious! Pat, so you mean to tell me that you really believe that? Pat—are you crazy?"

"Don't you go calling me crazy, you—you—I'm the only one around here who realizes anything—or who cares! Don't you care what happens to you or your friends? How are you going to feel leaving all the friends and all the life you've ever known? Or can you feel anything?"

"Pat, before I break your little neck for being so foolish, I'm going to try to get something into that head of yours. Look—over there—at Mary and Bill. Do they look happy?

Of course. Know why? Next year Mary is going to college. She has her life planned for years. And Bill—he's going into business with his father. He's secure because he knows what he wants to do. And what about your other friends—Nancy, who has a job?, Johnny, who's going to the University? or me?—I'm going into the Navy, and I know just what I want out of life. You're going into training at the hospital in September, right? Well, then, stop acting like a kid and look at the picture I just painted for you. Can you see anything dismal or frightening? NO! We've got to grow up sometime, and our time is now. It'll be hard. Wasn't school hard when you first started? Anything worth having is worth struggling for. Everyone that's ever lived a normal life has had to face the world sometime. This isn't the end, Pat—it's only the beginning."

Pat looked around her. Jerry—honest, sincere, clever Jerry! He was right. If only she had stopped to think instead of stubbornly clinging to the belief that graduation was an end. It wasn't. It was only a means. Of course she understood. Life was just beginning; she had hardly tasted it yet. She looked around at the crowd of happy seniors, and then back at Jerry.

"Yes, Jerry, I think I understand. I always did dramatize things. I'm glad you straightened me out. This is but the beginning."

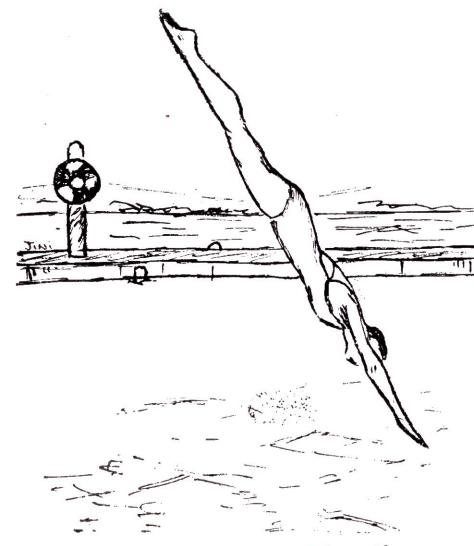
THE WELL (or Another Alice)

By JoAn Masterson

At times, like others,
I fall into a well
Of deep, dark gloom . . .
Someone will eventually
Come along and lower a rope.
But sometimes the wait is long,
And I foolishly make the water deeper
With my own tears.

Swimming

By Nancy Knoblock



Of course, in swimming, as in everything else, the degree of condition depends upon the enthusiasm with which one enters into the sport.

Probably swimming for pleasure will rank high among the various branches of swimming. By this, I do not mean that all swimming is not fun. I merely mean to say that certain types are more strenuous than others. For example, a person who races and dives, must, of course, practice a great deal, and he doubtless spends more time in the water than the gal who paddles around the shore, becomes thoroughly dampened, and then sun-bathes for the rest of the afternoon.

We shall consider the casual swimmer, then,—the girl who wishes to turn her paddling into a profitable form of exercise. First, one must have the proper equipment. In swimming, we are fortunate in that the cost is nominal, being only that of a bathing suit and cap, and possibly admittance to the pool or bathing beach. Please allow me just a few words here, girls, and don't think I'm being egotistical or superior; I'm merely speaking from experience and observation. There is nothing which can so set an instructor or swimmer against a prospective pupil, as the befrilled dainty who trips in, clad in a ruffled bathing suit which swirls and drags around her legs; for such suits, although one might see them adorning some of the most glamorous figures in Hollywood, are just not made for active swimming! A one-piece suit of lastex or wool is the most practical, and I think you'll find it to be the most flattering, too. Don't bother with needless creams for your skin. Simple baby oil will do the trick nicely in most cases. A towel and possibly a swimming bag will complete your equipment.

GIRLS!! Are you apathetic, listless, lackadaisical? Do you lack vim, vigor, and vitality? Are you lethargic and diffident? Are you burdened with extraneous adipose tissue which prevents you from showing your true effervescent personality, because you are so fatigued all the time? If this be true, there is no reason for it! I say, no one need *have* to love a fat girl. The perfect solution for your troubles lies at your very fingertips . . . go jump into the lake! No, I am not trying to make a feeble attempt at flippancy, or rid the world of all the girls who just can't resist that last chocolate. I mean my advice seriously. Swimming is one of the most ideal sports in which women and girls can participate, and, if followed consistently, may reduce your waistline by pounds! This aquatic sport which is widely popular merely for pleasure, does not develop bouncy muscles, and the energy burned while swimming necessarily whittles the pounds away.

Star Performance

By Claire Bier

Now the question arises, where shall our prospective aquatic star take her paraphernalia and herself, to become a swimmer in the best sense of the word? I think the best solution would be to start lessons in swimming according to the degree of individual proficiency and to find the organization that would meet one's requirements. The American Red Cross, as well as the Y. M. C. A. and other organizations, carries on an extensive water program in both summer and winter, with the sole objective of teaching the sport to non-swimmers, and developing the skill of those who can swim a little. Certificates are awarded from Beginner to Advanced Swimmer.

I shall not attempt to go into the stages by which the pupil will finally achieve the longed-for assurance and poise in the water, but the point which I am trying to stress is this: if one heeds the principles which are taught by the teacher, and practices them as often as possible, the results, I think, will be amazing. Perhaps it is impossible to swim more than twice a week during the summer, and not at all in the colder months of the year. If a person has sufficient interest, many swimming clubs may be joined, and through these, even by a few hours in the water weekly, one may discover new muscles which he never knew existed. "Tummies" will smooth out and disappear; arms and legs will harden, and the general system will take on new tone. Perseverance pays off, and soon the neophyte has become an expert.

And now, let's take one last look at our most recent swimming enthusiast. One may see her on any beach; in fact that might be she over there. Do you see the girl I mean? Yes, the one in that sleek black bathing suit. It certainly does things for her figure, doesn't it? But then, such a healthy appearance does not need "doing for", as is well testified to by the interest which that handsome, bronzed Life Guard has taken in her. Ah well, perhaps they are just talking shop, but you DO see what I mean, don't you, girls?

EVER since I could remember I had wanted to be an actress. It was my one burning ambition, and I was sure that Fate had selected me, and only me, to be the second Helen Hayes. For years I had dreamed of how I would act if I ever stepped before the footlights. Naturally I would be an immediate smash hit and would draw nothing but rave notices. I had no doubt that this would really happen, but so far it had never been proved. Now I was to be in a school play! Here was my big chance, and I was proud as punch that I had been chosen. Quite an honor to be cast as leading lady, but then, I really had been better than all the others who had tried out, or so I told myself.

I had it all planned out—first I'd make a grand entrance in the Tallulah Bankhead manner. Next, I would upstage everyone to make sure that the audience saw only me. I'd steal everyone's best lines, for I wouldn't be scared at all. But my greatest scene would come at the end, where I would cry as Bette Davis had never cried. In short, I'd be a wonder!

Came the great day of the performance. In the rush of last minute preparations I almost forgot to put on my costume, but this was quickly remedied—thank Heaven! My grand entrance was marred by only one minor detail—I tripped on a piece of scenery. At this point I suddenly developed a severe case of stage-fright, and practically faded into the scenery. This continued almost to the end, which was to be climaxed with my big scene. In the middle of this tearful dialogue in which I had planned to out-weep la Davis, to my intense humiliation the audience was convulsed with laughter. What an anti-climax to the triumph of which I had dreamed.

"Oh, well," Mother consoled me later, "perhaps we can make a comedian out of you, if not an actress. You certainly were the funniest one in the whole play!"

Love's Handiwork

By Mary Bonneville

IT was a puzzle! As Miss Dori's patient voice explained the idioms with *avoir*, Kay sat frowning with all her might at the carvings on her desk. Behind her frown, she was mentally going up and down the aisles of Grover's Department Store. This affair of deciding what to give Mother on her birthday certainly required a lot of thought.

Whatever Kay chose would have to be very special, for this year was the first time she could afford to buy anything. When she was six, she had made a handkerchief with a red "D" on its corner. It had been crude, of course, but Mother had seemed pleased to receive it. Ever since, Kay had always made something, but now that was all changed. Now she was in high school and had a job of her own! No ordinary gift would do this year!

Around her, papers rustled and books closed with a final-sounding snap. Thank goodness! School was almost over. In fifteen minutes she would be at the store. Why, think of all the things to choose from! Deciding would be simple once she was there.

Two hours later as she sat on the bus, Kay's frown had given way to a look of satisfaction. On her lap lay a thin square box, and in the box—she sighed—was the most beautiful handkerchief in all of Grover's. The little square of fine white linen was surrounded by the daintiest of lace. This was a real gift! What a contrast to that first rag she had given her mother! Mother had been a good sport, though, to pretend she had been pleased. How silly! Well, this gift would make amends.

After dinner that night, Kay began to think she would never get a chance to wrap her gift. She had suggested that Mother go visiting, but it had been no use. Finally, however, Mother decided to go up to her



sewing room. As soon as the light upstairs was snapped on, Kay hurried eagerly to the dining room closet where the wrapping materials were kept. Opening the door, she drew up a chair to stand on. The paper was so far in the back! Mother might come down stairs unexpectedly! Kay was searching impatiently with her hand when her elbow knocked against something. There was a scrape and then a crash! When Kay looked down, she saw the pieces of Mother's glass candlesticks lying on the floor, and nearby was a cardboard box which had opened in its flight to reveal a small handkerchief with a red "D" on one corner.

In a moment, Kay heard the sound of her Mother's footsteps hurrying down the stairs. Kay bit her lip as she faced her mother. This was a fine birthday present.

"I heard a noise—"

"I—I—broke your candlesticks. I was looking—but I'll get you some new ones!"

"Why on earth were you poking around in that closet?"

"I—oh well—I may as well tell you! Everything's spoiled now anyway. I wanted some paper to wrap that." She pointed to a thin square box on a nearby table.

Mother opened the box and saw the square of linen and lace. "Why it's lovely, dear! Thank you very much! If I had realized—but never mind. We'll clean up this mess and forget all about it. I never used those candlesticks anyway!"

It was with a relieved heart that Kay

brought the dustpan and helped her mother sweep up the glass. As she worked, the red "D" caught Kay's eye. "Well, anyway, Mother," she said, "you don't need to keep that anymore. I won't feel bad if you throw it away. It's such a mess, and now I've got you something much better."

"Yes, dear, that new handkerchief is lovely," Mother answered thoughtfully, "almost as lovely as the first one you gave me!"

Cottons, Cottons Everywhere

By Claire Hurley



"A—You're Adorable"—this song is pertinent as well as popular at the moment. With the advent of May and warm weather, the halls are filled with girls looking as pretty as spring flowers in their cotton dresses. The school seems to be filled with multi-colored butterflies who have popped out of their winter cocoons of wool skirts and sweaters.

The styles are as different as the faces above them. The picture and plunging neck-lines have many advocates—breezy, but

fashionable. The skirts are still the full, swishing ballerinas that delight the heart of every girl.

The more talented young ladies have a varied wardrobe indeed. No longer are they knitting sharp Argyles for a favored brother or boy friend; but plunging their needles into lengths of cool cotton, and in a matter of hours (or at least days) they have a new dress.

At the Pittsfield High baseball games, the fashion plates are very much in evidence. What better place to admire the exertions of the baseball players, acquire a marvellous tan, and display new summer clothes at the same time? To the distant left-fielder, the splash of color in the bleachers must resemble a painting by Dali.

In contrast with the gayly bedecked females, the boys look positively drab. Of course there are a few daring characters who own canary-yellow, shocking-pink, or lavender-blue shirts and sport these on each and every occasion. Let us hope that more of the boys will realize that color is the keynote of the season and respond to the trend.

NATURE'S PITCHER

By Mary Bonneville

Raindrops dripping, gently slipping,
Fill the tulip's upturned head.
Tulip filling, slowly spilling,
Waters all my flower bed.

Civil Air Patrol Returns To Pittsfield

By Lieutenant John Galt

POSTWAR interest has been aroused in the Civil Air Patrol in Pittsfield with the establishment of a new and active squadron here.

CAP is one of the outstanding youth organizations in America, built around its special interest in aeronautics to promote interest in aviation and to provide public services in time of emergency. It has grown out of the wartime mobilization of private flyers, when it established a record described by General Hap Arnold as one of the "greatest civilian contributions of the war."

During the war the Civil Air Patrol provided a civilian air force to supplement military aviation, and not only did air transportation work, but conducted aerial scrap metal drives, ice patrols, search and rescue missions that resulted in the saving of hundreds of downed military fliers, and border and coastal patrols that earned official credit for sinking two Nazi submarines in American coastal waters.

In peacetime, CAP's objectives have been altered to concentrate on the promotion of civil aviation. It still functions in effective liaison with ground agencies in times of disaster to provide communication, supply, and evacuation services; it conducts search and rescue missions and flies flood and fire patrols. But aside from this more glamorous part of its program, it places greatest emphasis on the CAP Cadet training program. The purpose of the junior CAP organization is to provide practical pre-flight instruction in aviation subjects, along with special training in honor, discipline, and leadership, for a continuing group of 100,000 or more carefully selected American boys and girls.

Civil Air Patrol's ambitions in Pittsfield are to provide a healthful and profitable outlet for the activities of the youth, to prepare a trained group for emergency work, and to promote civil aviation and air commerce for the community. In the accomplishment of these objectives, its members are promised a well-rounded program of work and play, with plenty of carefully directed practical training through use of films and working displays, flying in its L-4 airplanes, and outings on practice missions. All those between the ages of 15 and 18 are eligible to enroll as CAP Cadets, and those over 18 as Senior Members. Requirements in addition to the age limits are citizenship, good character, good scholastic record, and interest in obtaining a working knowledge of aviation.

The Pittsfield Squadron meets each Sunday, 2.00 to 4.30, in its Headquarters, 107 South Street, over the Coffee Shop. All interested people are invited to attend and see first-hand what Civil Air Patrol has to offer them.

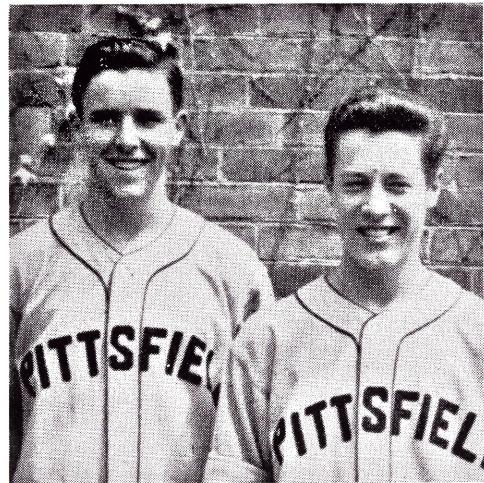
SPRING GARDEN

By Mary Bonneville

On rainy days when there is school,
Along the locker tops there grows
A garden with its flowers of silk,
And stems of steel support its rows.

Each cheery color warms the heart
And brightens up the dreary day
Until, on signal of a bell,
Each flower is picked and borne away.

WHO'S WHO



STAR BATTERY

Pitching—Robert (Bob) Murray

Catching—Richard (Rit) Flynn

Familiar looking—it is to baseball fans.
Now you can get a close-up of them.

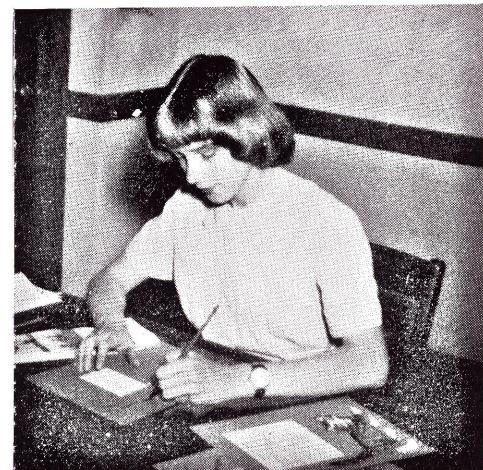
Bob is that fellow who knows how to throw a curve. Aside from baseball, he likes anything Mom makes, hunting, fishing, and "Little White Lies". No comment on girls! As for the future Bob wants to be a big league pitcher.

Rit in his spare time likes eating spaghetti and meatballs, listening to "Forever and Ever," and playing baseball. As for girls, "They're all right." Rit's ambition is to be an ace printer. If he prints like he catches, he hasn't far to go.

Good-luck—Star Battery.

"JODY"

You may have seen this industrious senior dashing through the halls with a pile of books, drawings, life-size posters, and jars of paint, for she is none other than Jo An Masterson, art editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN and co-editor of the art staff of the Yearbook. "Jody", as she is known to her friends, is athletically inclined, as she enjoys all sports, especially skiing, swimming, and camping on Mt. Greylock! Being an amiable girl, she has no pet peeves.



CHARLES BROWNLEE

Ready! Aim! Fire! and it's a bull's-eye! Who is this expert marksman?—he's Charles Brownlee, captain of the rifle team. He is also president of the Rifle Club, and last year he was chairman of the Checking Committee of the Junior Prom. Charlie likes physics, math, and all kinds of food. Next year he hopes to study electrical engineering at R. P. I.



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ANNE BECKMANN

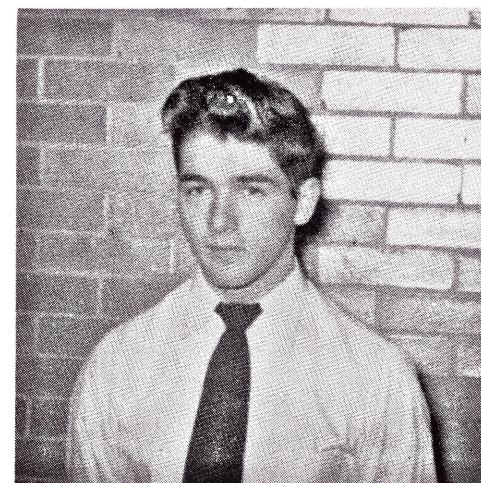
This attractive blonde is Anne Beckmann. Being a very popular girl, Anne seems to be quite busy. She is president of the Retail Class, and has been Home Room representative for two years. A senior, Anne was a contestant for Snow Queen.

Because Anne works at Sears Roebuck, she doesn't have very much time to be in sports, but her favorite pastimes are baseball and square dancing and reading a book with a good ending. Her pet peeve is bad humor. Her main ambition is to have a reserved seat at a Red Sox-Yankees game. After graduation Anne wants to travel and see the country.



ALBERT ROMASCO

This pleasant-looking senior is Albert Romasco. Al, who had the great responsibility of chairman of the ring committee for the class of '49, was also a homeroom representative for two years, a member of the Junior and Senior Class Council, and was a Boys' State delegate in 1948. As for pastimes, Al likes sports, swimming and baseball in particular, and he elects history as his favorite subject. He has no pet peeves which accounts for his many friends. After graduating, Al plans to take a Liberal Arts Course at the University of Massachusetts. Here's wishing you the best of luck, Al.

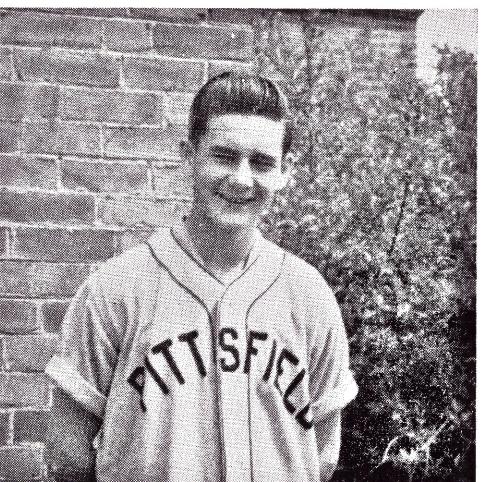


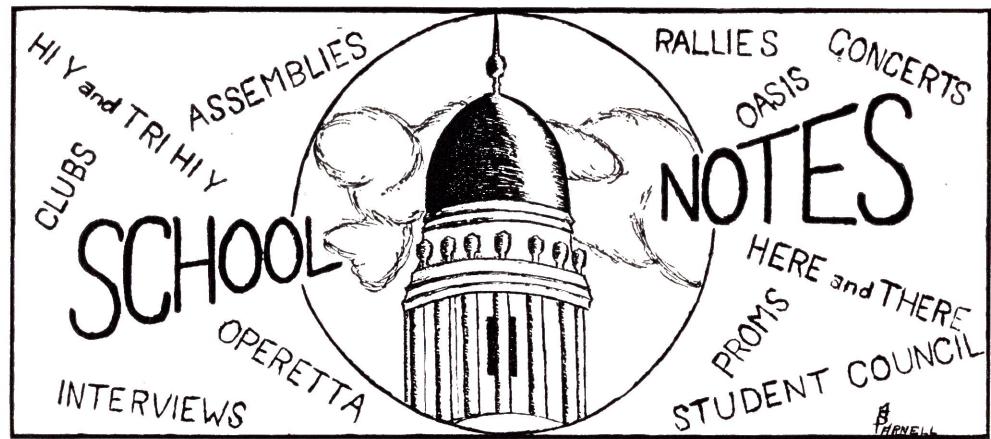
WINTHROP GREGORY

Quick! Take a look at him while you can. Otherwise you'll have only a fleeting glimpse of him as he speeds through the halls or on a athletic field. This speedster is Winthrop Gregory of the Class of '49. A three-letter man—football, baseball and basketball—he has a great love for sports. He is on the Senior Prom Program Committee.

Chief among his dislikes is getting up early in the morning. He especially likes dancing and swimming.

As for the future "Winn" is probably headed for St. Bonaventure College.





Ella Dicenzo, Editor.

Charles Barris, Delores Bernardo, Irma Bosma, John Coughlin, Jacquelyn Ferguson, June Gaviorno, Diamond Gregory, Clair Hurley, Jean Krook, Helen Maniatis, Mirion Najimy, Elaine Paduano, Faith Whiting, Kris Ginthwain

IN MEMORIAM

The deaths of Alexis Kerichenko and Richard Borkowski, members of the Junior Class, brought sorrow to many of their classmates and left Pittsfield High School with a deep sense of shock and loss. Their tragic death on April 26 seemed to have come too soon for such fine youths. Their stay with us was all too short, but their memory will be cherished by all. To their bereaved parents the faculty and students of Pittsfield High School extend sincere sympathy.

GOOD GOVERNMENT EXERCISES

On April 26, the students of U. S. History, Economics, and Social Science enjoyed an interesting as well as unusual program in connection with the observance of Good Government Week. They saw our city council in action when a regular meeting of the council was held in the auditorium, enabling the students to see and hear the councilmen as they confirmed appointments, held open hearings, and voted on other municipal matters. The students thoroughly approved of this unusual program of "government in action" and hoped that it would be con-

tinued next year. They felt that it had proved very profitable for them and that they had gained much information from it.

THE GYM EXHIBITION

"Girls—April Showers, Sunflowers, and Bluebells will have practice at 2.45". These words appeared so many times on the bulletin that everyone was puzzled. What they meant was finally revealed when on May 13 the annual Gym Exhibition was held.

The program contained the following dances:—(1) "Country Style"; American Square Dance, Country Cousin, Huckleberry Finn. 2. "Gypsy Carnival": Gypsy Tambourine Dance, Tumbling Clowns. 3. "Nautical Notes": Marching, Exercises, Sailor's Hornpipe. 4. "Springtime": April Showers, Lilies of the Valley, Roses, Sunflowers, Bluebells 5. "Finale": All Flower Girls.

In between the groups of dancers some of the boys from the gym classes did stunts. There was tumbling, parallel bars, horizontal bars, spring boards, tiger leaping, and pyramid building.

The gym exhibition was a great success, thanks to the time and effort of the teachers, pupils, and everyone else who had anything to do with it, including the Home Economics class who made many of the costumes.

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MEET THE FACULTY

Here is a member of the faculty who, for the past four years has been partially responsible for keeping our girls in trim, Miss Jean I. Morgan. Miss Morgan, whose alma mater is P. H. S., is also an alumna of Green Mountain Junior College in Vermont. She received her bachelor of science degree from the School of Physical Education, Ithaca College in Ithaca, New York. Before coming to P. H. S. she taught in public schools in New York State. At present she is engaged after school hours at the Y. M. C. A. as an instructor. Among Miss Morgan's favorites are a good steak dinner, concerts, gardening, and the daily contact with her students. Some day Miss Morgan would like to have a private camp for girls in the Adirondacks. Here's hoping her wish comes true.

ASSEMBLIES

In April Dick and Betty Welsbacher gave a lecture on "American Folk Lore" in song and story. We heard about Little Henry of Newburyport, Massachusetts; Paul Bunyan, hero of the lumber jacks; Pecos Bill, from Texas; and a song about the boll weevil. On the whole, it was a very interesting and entertaining program, and Dick and Betty will certainly be welcome any time at P. H. S.

"Wings Over Latin America," was a film shown to the students of P. H. S. on April 25. This film was loaned through the courtesy of the Pan-American World Airways. The miracle of modern photography enabled us to see in their vivid, natural colors eleven Latin American countries and two British, two American, and one Dutch possession. The camera caught the many facets of Latin American life—its great modern cities, its historical ruins, its Indian peoples with their picturesque customs and costumes, its beautiful scenery, and its many pleasures and recreations.

TRI-HI-Y NOTES

The Tri-Hi-Y clubs will conclude a successful year with their annual banquets, to be held sometime in June. At recent meetings, the officers for the coming year were elected and installed.

ALPHA—Betty Aitchison, president; Joyce Gasper, vice-president; Joan Gallagher, secretary; Peggy Guiltinan, treasurer; Shirley Deans, warden-chaplain.

BETA—Dianne Shuster, president; Beverly Kelley, vice-president; Joan Rosa, secretary; Patricia Farrell, treasurer; Monica Pytko, warden-chaplain.

DELTA—Dolores Bernardo, president; Glenda Gaviorno, vice-president; Mildred Pomeroy, secretary; Joan Connors, treasurer; Doris Flynn, chaplain; Theo Demetry, warden.

GAMMA—Betsy Hynes, president; Marilyn Thompson, vice-president; Hazel Stowell, secretary; Carol Tully, treasurer; Lillian Galiano, chaplain; Ruth Ann Pharmer, warden.

SIGMA—Barbara Leonard, president; Lucy Matarazzo, vice-president; Frances Hubbard, secretary; Mary Pechewlys, treasurer; Barbara Adams, chaplain; Ann Seckler, warden.

ZETA—Lena Pariselli, president; Joanne Skowron, vice-president; Barbara Fancher, secretary; Joan Trotter, treasurer; Sophie Deminoff, chaplain-warden.

CAREER CONFERENCE WEEK

During the week of March 24, the Guidance Department, under the direction of Mr. Charles Murphy, sponsored a series of career conferences with the hope that these conferences would help the students in selecting their careers. Conferences were held on accounting, bookkeeping, architectural work, auto mechanics, beautician's work, business administration, cabinet making, journalism, Marines, nursing, teaching, forestry, electrical engineering, textiles, metallurgy, art, dentistry, Navy, machinist, chemical engineering, laboratory technician, librarian, sheet metal worker, toolmaking, secretarial work, home economics and dietitian, salesmanship, Army Air Force, Wac, chemist, dental assistant, coaching athletics, interior decorating, lawyer, musician, photography, social worker, welding, civil engineering, apprenticeship, drafting, electrician, farming, medicine, printing, radio, telephone operator, veterinary work, and photo engraver. All of the sessions were well-attended with the armed services claiming the largest groups. We students are grateful for the interest Mr. Murphy and the conference speakers have shown in us and hope that we show our appreciation by being successful in whatever field we choose.

HERE AND THERE

Judy Meagher and Sally McCambridge spend all their lunch period arguing about whether or not a certain math problem should be added or subtracted. Try dividing, girls!

The latest "Gibson Girl," at P. H. S. is "Win" Gregory. Win has both a pink shirt and a delicate lavender colored shirt with white collar and cuffs, which he wears with matching ties. I'll bet you got the idea from "Calling All Girls," Win!!

Heard Joan Beekman talking the other day and she said that she was going to get a "crew cut" and end it all! How come, Joan?

"Arnie" Rice wears the flashiest socks in P. H. S., and that's a fact!

The Sadie Hawkins Dance, given by Beta, was a big success and everyone seems to be looking forward to next year's event. Many of the boys sported lovely vegetable and candy lollipop corsages tied with big red bows. Must have been very appetizing if not decorative!!

Rosemary Monteroso uses more ink eradicator than any other person I know! Waste ink that way, Rosie.

Walter Weeks and Gordon Swirsky seem to have covered every corner of the school with their roving camera. We'll be looking for our pictures in the Yearbook. Hope they come out good!

For a week or so, after the Juniors had had their fingers measured for the class rings, the most important question seemed to be, "What size is yours.. Mine is 16½!"

Edith Butler and Bill Monks are both delighted over having made the debating team. If it's the last thing you do, kids, be sure to fight for less homework! (The whole school's behind you!)

Want any predictions as to how the RED SOX will fare this season? Just ask Miss Haylon about it; she's quite an authority on the subject, you know!

Did you all know that Edgar Almstead was learning how to write shorthand? He's pretty good at it, too! Take a letter, Mr. Almstead!

Will someone please ask Barbara Sultaire why she bolts her lunch down so fast every day and rushes upstairs to look out of the window? "Pookey" is certainly a cute nickname, Barb!

Joe Viani has a rendezvous every 6th period on the first floor outside of 137. Seems as though Joe spends all his time drinking at the water fountain! Don't you, Joe?

And doesn't Nancy Bussiere look neat and cool in her new short hair cut? Who scalped you, Nan?

And don't forget that the Senior Prom will be held on June 15. (A word to the wise is sufficient!)

JUNIOR PROM

On Friday evening, April twenty-ninth, the high school gym was filled with couples dancing to the music of Larry Murphy's orchestra. The gym was transformed for the occasion into a woodland fantasy. The ceiling and walls were hung with green streamers which gave the effect of a forest, and scattered among the "trees" were colored cutouts of birds, butterflies, skunks, and squirrels, all looking very realistic.

About three hundred and seventy-five persons attended the prom, the success of which was due largely to the able committees, and Mr. James Conroy, class adviser. Betsy Hynes and Larson Powell were co-chairmen of the event; Jason Reder headed the decorating committee; Richard Holleran, publicity; Helen Keefe and Donald Agar, the ticket committee; Patricia Hughes, the program committee; Paul Wagenknecht, music; JoAnne Skowron, refreshments; Harold Soutier, checking; Dolores Bernardo, decorations; George Pezzini, house; and Betty Aitchison, reception committee.

A TALK ON HEAT TRANSFER

How your meals are cooked was explained by Mr. A. R. Kimball, a heat transfer specialist from the General Electric Company in his short but effective talk and demonstration given to the Technical students on January eighteenth. Mr. Kimball gave demonstrations of heat transfer as it is used in the home, in bakeries, and in industry. He also reminded his enthusiastic listeners that heat transfer plays an important part in the human body.

Mr. Kimball demonstrated many devices used in heat transfer work at General Electric and explained how difficult large manufacturing would be without these efficient heat transfer experiments.

The students are looking forward to many more such interesting and enlightening talks given by such capable men.

THE CAMERA CLUB

In addition to its regular program, the Camera Club has been doing some work under the direction of Mr. Joseph McMahon of the Visual Education Department. They have taken black and white photographs and color slides of the same scenes in the Vocational, Home Economics, Retail Sales, and Commercial Departments.

These prints and slides are being used by members of the Guidance Department to illustrate lectures given at P. T. A. meetings and recently at the junior high schools of the city.

Gordon Swirsky, vice-president of the Club, has been very active on the photography staff of the Year Book, and is responsible for most of the pictures appearing in it.

WHAT WE'LL MISS MOST

After this day is over, after this year is done—

TONY SACCHETTI—The smell in third floor hall.

DIANA FINK—Mr. Massimiano.

EDDIE MCMAHON—Won't miss nothing.

ANNE COONEY—Translating Latin at lunch.

DOM DEL SIGNOR—Miss Prediger's smiles.

JEAN KROOK—Five minutes between periods.

JIMMY McCARTHY—Nothing—maybe homework—like a sore thumb.

MARY DELANEY—Mr. Lynch.

"RADAR" FARRELL—The fun!

LOIS ROBBINS—Counting days until vacation.

BUD TWINGER—The sports.

BARBARA BISSELL—Gum on the railings.

WILLY ROCCA—Fighting with the teachers!

BARBARA DEPEW—The stampede to the assemblies.

JOAN MULLANEY—The two "wardens" of the cafeteria.

JIMMY DUNSTAN—The girls!!

ELLA DICENZO—Slipping in to home-room late.

JACKIE FERGUSON—Minute Interviews.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

The 10th annual Vocational Open House was held on May 4, from seven to eight-thirty. Good planning and handling were the high notes in this year's occasion. Here are only a few of the shops and what they did for Open House.

In the Drafting Department some boys were doing regular drawings while others worked at blueprint processing. As a special feature the photostat was run, and cards fresh from the dryer were given out. About 400 were distributed; this indicates only part of the large crowd that was on hand. In the Printing Shop some of the boys ran the presses, while others worked at setting up type. For the first time since the war, souvenirs were given out. These were order pads for the ladies and bookmarks for the men. Seventeen hundred of them were given out before eight o'clock. In Machine Shop, as in most of the other shops, work was done showing the actual school work which the boys are capable of doing. The credit for the success of Open House cannot all go to the fellows in the shops. A large measure of it should go to the ones who acted as guides and otherwise handled the large crowds. All things taken into consideration, the 10th annual Open House was very successful.

If a census were to be taken in the Vocational School now, it would be found that our population has dwindled during the past months. Here are some more boys who have left shop to go to work. From Drafting the following:—Charles Barris, the General Electric; Ronald Lacroix, Vernier Construction Co.; Francis Hibbard, Mohawk Beverages. From the Machine Shop are:—Henry Driscoll, Berkshire Sanitary Ice; John Wowk, Fred's Service Station; Leo Mazio, Mar and Mold; From Auto Mechanics are:—Richard Bastow and Emerson Gardner, Birchard Buick; Edward Goodrich, South Street Chevrolet. From Welding, Edward Massery to the Berkshire Metal Craft and from Printing, Nicholas Ruscio and Donald McIntyre are working at Sun Printing Company.

On behalf of the Vocational Department we should like to wish THE STUDENT'S PEN luck and success for the coming years. And many thanks for allowing the Vocational Department to have their own column in THE PEN.

A TECHNICAL RADIO CLUB

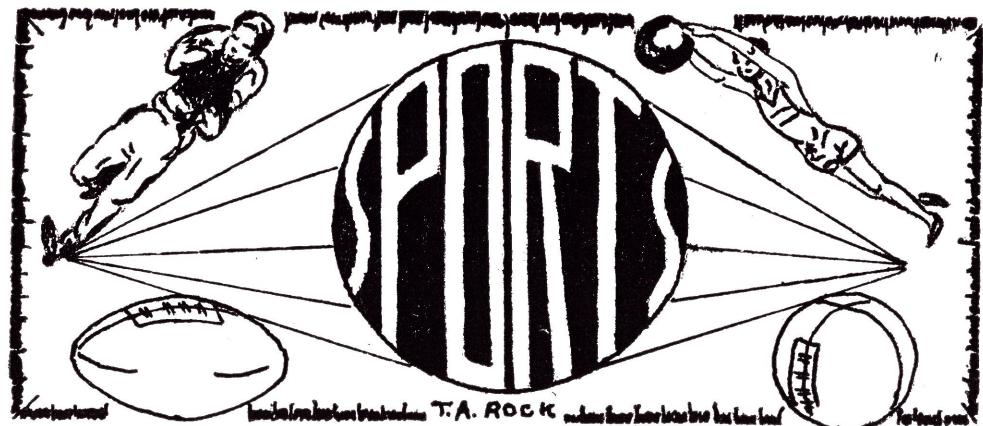
A Technical Radio Club has been formed by a group of students from the technical course of Pittsfield High. The members are being instructed in the fundamentals of radio electronics and radio code which are needed to obtain an amateur radio operator's license. These licenses are available to any person who can successfully pass the code test and the theory test given by the Federal Communications Commission. At the present time there are approximately eighty thousand amateur operators in the country, and it is hoped that some of the members of the Technical Radio Club will join this ever-growing group.

The club is spending much time sorting out and converting war surplus radio and radar equipment which was donated to the school by the United States government. They are also forming a reference library which, at present, is made up of literature generously donated by a few members of the Pittsfield Radio Club.

With the help of Mr. William Buchanan, operator of station WLIZN; Mr. Robert Scase, operator of station W9AYV-I; and Mr. Milton George, operator of station WIBKG, a demonstration of amateur radio was conducted, and a three way communications set-up has been established.

The club has elected for their present officers, Jim O'Brien, chairman, and Richard Meiowitz, secretary, to work in cooperation with the club adviser, Mr. William Buchanan. Membership in this club does not require a previous knowledge of radio, but it does require genuine interest.

The club is planning to set up an amateur station at Pittsfield High School to be operated by the members under the supervision of the club adviser.

**P. H. S. EDGES ST. JOSEPH'S 4-3**

By Jay Reder

Pittsfield High's Varsity baseball squad was well on its way to the city championship and the Northern Berkshire league pennant Wednesday evening, May 11, as they defeated their local arch-rivals, St. Joseph's.

On the mound for the Purple at the start of the contest was the diminutive fire-ball, Bobby Murray. Facing him on the mound for the local Parochials was a surprise starter, Dick Seidell. Big Bill McMahon, who was scheduled to do the hurling for St. Joe's, was bothered by a sore arm and started the game at first base.

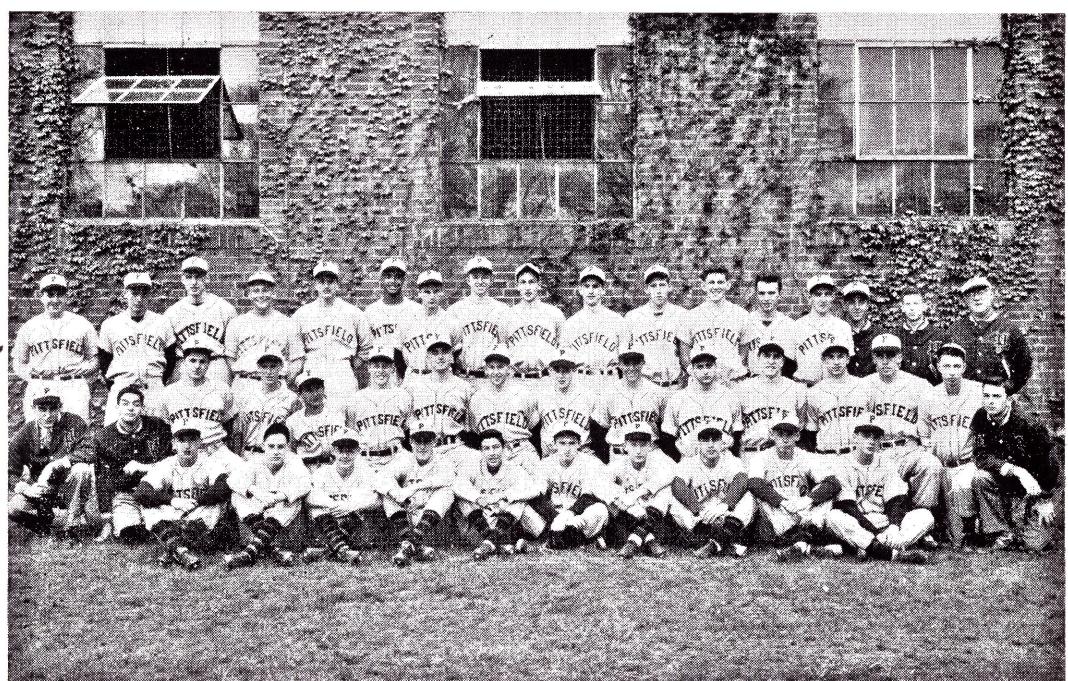
The game's initial score was in the top of the second inning, when lead-off man Don Morehead drove one of Seidell's fast-balls over Eddie Poulen's head in left field. Don, in a bit of daring base-running, streaked around the bases for an inside-the-park home-run to put Pittsfield ahead by the score of 1-0. In the next frame Pittsfield pushed two more tallies over the dish, when Dick Pucko, leading off, drew a pass, stole second after Eddie McMahon had popped to the pitcher, and scored as Catcher Rit Flynn lined a single over second base. Flynn then stole second and scored as Don Morehead banged his second straight hit. The inning ended as Bud Turner fanned and Don Carpenter grounded out, short to first.

The roof fell in on Murray in the fifth inning as St. Joe rallied for three runs to tie the score. Poulin opened by drawing a base-on-

balls. Mathews moved him along by grounding out to Sheran. Ronnie Codella then dumped a Texas Leaguer into center-field and moved to second as the throw to third was late. Hatch dumped a high bounder down the third base line which Turner scooped up and fired home to try and nip Poulin. The throw was low, and the runner scored with Codella behind him and Hatch going to second. The St. Joe shortstop then scored as Bill McMahon doubled deep to center. It was here that Coach Art Fox lifted Murray and replaced him with Al Goerlach, who set St. Joe down with no further score. The damage had been done though, as the score was knotted at 3-3.

With two down in the sixth stanza, Don Carpenter tripled to deep left field and rode home as Al Goerlach also tripled to left.

Goerlach went to the mound in the last of the seventh with that one run lead. Ronnie Codella opened the frame by fouling out to third. Hatch singled and McMahon followed with his second hit, sending Hatch to third. It was here that Coach John Lyons flashed the sign for the squeeze play. Dudley bunted towards the mound as Hatch streaked for home. Goerlach sped off the mound and pounced on the ball. Seeing that he had no chance to get the runner at home by a throw, Al threw himself at the sliding Hatch and tagged him. Umpire Vickery, who was positioned directly over the play, motioned the runner out. The St. Joe squad to a man raced to the plate to protest the decision,—but in



PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL TEAM 1949

Rear, Left to Right—R. Turner, Krieger, Ross, Hart, Massimiano, Morehead, Gregory, McMahon (captain), Quadrozzi, Zavatarro, Pytko, O'Boyle, Miller, Lavelle, Garivaltis, Bowlby (manager), Coach Fox.
Second Row, Left to Right—J. V. Coach Hickey, Reder, Assistant Manager, Russo, Stewart, Karatkiewisz, Murray, Pucko, G. Turner, Brennan, Flynn, Diamond, Carpenter, Stumpek, Murphy, Belford, Snook, assistant manager.
Front, Left to Right—Ferdyn, Donelly, Ferguson, McCann, Bruno, Russell, Kordana, Magri, Goerlach, Sheran.

vain. The game then ended as Seidell popped to Turner, who squeezed the ball happily for the final out.

The totals were: for Pittsfield, 4 runs, 8 hits, and 2 errors. For St. Joe's, 3 runs, 6 hits, and 4 errors.

PITTSFIELD SUBDUES DRURY

By Jim Cederstrom

Paced by the steady chucking of diminutive Bobby Murray, the senior curve-baller, PHS defeated Drury 2-0 on May 3 at Noel Field, North Adams. Murray allowed but four hits over the seven inning route but received better support than his opponent William (Red) Bakey. Drury committed three miscues while the victors' defense was flawless.

The only runs of the game came in the first half of the final stanza. Don Morehead singled and stole second. Third sacker Bud Turner bunted and reached second when Bakey uncorked a wild heave to first, Morehead scoring. Turner scored moments later on a single to center by first baseman Don Carpenter.

Drury's only threat came in the seventh. They filled the bags with two down when second baseman Buddy Sheran knocked down a hard smash off the bat of center fielder Bill Trombley and pegged him out at first.

Murray struck out eleven and walked five, while Bakey fanned five and issued four passes. Each team had one double play and of the game's nine bingles, none went for extra bases.

June, 1949

P. H. S. SUBDUES DALTON 5-3

By Jay Reder

Pittsfield High's ball team traveled to Dalton the afternoon of April 29 to meet Dalton High in their second regularly scheduled League game. The previous day they defeated Williamstown High at Clapp Park by the score of 10 to 0. Al Goerlach started on the mound for Pittsfield, and Coach Bob Boyd's choice for Dalton was Fahey.

Pittsfield broke the scoring ice shortly after the start of the contest. In the first inning the Purple scored three times on a walk to Buddy Sheran, and consecutive singles by Win Gregory, Ed McMahon, Rit Flynn, and Don Morehead.

Dalton was not to fold up as many suspected. The Papertowners fought back in the second inning and tied the score with three runs. Lennon doubled off Goerlach to open the stanza, and was scored by a sharp single by Satrape. Steele flied out to Win Gregory, but Christianson singled, moving Satrape to third. A wild pitch then scored Satrape with the second run and moved Christianson to second where he scored on Ed Culverwell's single. Culverwell's attempt to steal second was snuffed out by a perfect peg from Flynn to Sheran to retire the side. Fahey had previously grounded out.

Pittsfield moved ahead to stay, however, in the very next inning. McMahon and Flynn both scored to make the score five to three.

Goerlach and Fahey both pitched superb ball for the remainder of the game. The latter struck out four along the way and walked but two. The former struck out six and also issued two passes.

The totals: Pittsfield in winning had five runs on seven hits and one error. Dalton had three runs on six hits and one error.

BERKSHIRE OUTCLASSES P. H. S.

By Jim Cederstrom

The Pittsfield High Track Team, in its first outing of the season, lost 65-39 to

Berkshire School. The victors took eight out eleven first places and shut-out the charges of Coach Carmody in the javelin and pole vault.

Pittsfield's only wins came in the discus, the high jump, and the broad jump. Dick Gilson won the discus with a toss of 116 feet, 9½ inches. Captain Horace Williams with a leap of five feet, three inches, and Arnold Sleeper, who jumped 18½ feet, paced the fields in the high jump and the broad jump respectively.

Other Purple point-winners were: John Perrone, who placed second in both the 100-yard dash and the shot put; Wayne Carley with a second in the 440-yard dash; and Ken Wilde, who was runner-up in the mile. Ed Kordana placed in the 880-yard run, and Williams and Sleeper also added to the losers' total. Williams was second in the broad jump, and Sleeper won a red ribbon in the discus.

MY FLEA

By Ivan Awfulitch

I think that I shall never see
 A bug as lively as a flea,—
 A flea who wanders through my hair,
 Making me itchy everywhere.
 I scratch and cuss and scratch some more,
 Then beat my head against the door.
 I soak my head in oil and grease,
 But the blasted itchings never cease.
 My blood is boiling; my heart's on fire.
 That flea will feel my vengeance dire!
 "Aha," say I with an evil leer,
 "Soon I'll have nothing whatever to fear."
 For my wand'ring glance has finally lit
 Upon a spray gun filled with flit.
 I grab the gun and madly spray,
 And when the clouds have cleared away,
 There at my feet does lie a flea,
 And from the brute I madly flee.
 That flea at last has bit the grit,
 Shot to death by a spray of flit!

Girls' Sports

By Betty Bianchi

MERMAIDS OF P. H. S.

"Ready! Get Set! Go!" Into the water plunged the P. H. S. mermaids as the girls' swimming meet got under way on March thirty-first at the Boys' Club Pool. The meet was the culmination of ten weeks of practice in which large numbers of girls from all three classes learned to swim and dive. Coming in first in the twenty-five yard free style was Nancy Knoblock, with Eilen Hogan and Betty McAnanny second and third, respectively. In the twenty-five yard breast stroke Joan Eagen was first, with Nancy Livette second, and Marcia Viale third. Barbara Sultaire was first in the diving, Lillian Gaudette second, and Ann Vaughn third. The twenty-five yard backstroke was won by Nancy Knoblock, with Ann Meagher second, and Barbara Sears third. Carolyn Coughlin won first place in form swimming, with Ginny Gilbert second for the seniors. For the juniors Joan Hamilton was first, Marion Felton second, and Adeline Nicola third. The winning relay team was composed of Theresa Malumphy, Ann Meagher, Marcia Viale, and Betsy Hynes, all juniors.

The officials were Miss Jean Morgan, Miss Helen B. McNaughton and Mrs. William Knoblock. The final score was seniors twenty-five, juniors seventeen, and sophomores seven.

TO THE VICTORS

The seniors, captained by Clara Berald, have done it again. With a record of four wins and no defeats, they now have the basketball championship to add to their countless other victories such as field hockey, volleyball, and swimming to mention only a few. The sophomores, however, are the ones who showed the spirit of basketball by overtaking the juniors in both games. Mary

Zofrea, captain of the sophs, can be very proud of her high-spirited team. The juniors' record does not do them credit for the hard fight they put up. Jean Cronin was the captain of the juniors, who are just waiting for the chance to get back at the sophomores. Watch out, sophs, the juniors don't let everyone get away with that. As a rule, they bow only to the seniors, who have again proven that they are still queens of the basketball court.

STRIKE!!!

This was a familiar sound when the girls were rolling off for the bowling championship. There was a lot of keen competition, but the girls who came out on top were Phyllis Clairmont, who won first place; Betty Bianchi, second; and Betty Algere, third. Betty Bianchi was the outstanding bowler of the year with an average in the high nineties. Miss Jean Morgan, Miss Helen B. McNaughton, and Miss Ruth Nicholson awarded the top three medals at the end of the meet, and the girls are sporting them around school.

KING PINS

Once again the Pinboy's Delights have captured the championship in bowling for the third successive year. The team consists of Ella Dicenzo, Virginia Gilbert, Joan Eagan, Mary Aulisi, and Betty Bianchi, captain. From the start of the season they led in points, due to their consistently good bowling. The Pinboy's Delights won for Tuesday; Gopher Girls, for Monday; North End Gang for Wednesday. The teams competed for the championship bowling trophy donated by the Pastime Bowling Alleys. Every girl on each winning team received a medal. Congratulations to the Pinboy's Delights, for they have truly proven themselves champions and good sports.



CLARA BERALDI

This, students, is Clara Berald, an outstanding athlete in the Class of '49. Clara, whose genial personality has won her many friends, has already received one monogram and will probably win another as a result of her capability on the field hockey, volleyball, and softball teams. She was captain of this year's senior basketball team, which was the tournament champion and has also participated in the swimming, bowling, and badminton tournaments. Between sports, Clara is homeroom treasurer and a member of the advertising staff of *THE PEN*. In the future, Clara plans to continue sports as a sideline, but her main ambition is to become a successful business woman.



ANN VAUGHN

This blonde, blue-eyed girl with the nice smile is Ann Vaughn, another asset to the Class of '49 teams. Ann has made herself worthy of special mention in girls' sports by displaying fine performances on the field hockey, volleyball, basketball, and softball teams. Ann has been a big factor in making the swimming teams of her class victorious for the past two years; she personally won the diving meet in her junior year. Versatile Ann not only participates in sports but in the musical field as well. She was a member of the Girls' Glee Club for two years and in the operetta chorus for one year. Come fall, Ann hopes to enter Bridgewater State Teachers College, where she will take up Physical Education.



PHYLLIS LISI

In looking over the teams of the Class of '49, we must not overlook Phyllis Lisi who, in her three years at P. H. S., has proved to be another sports enthusiast. Phil, also a holder of a monogram, has played on the field hockey, volleyball, basketball and softball teams; she captained this year's champion round robin team. She also took part in the bowling and badminton tournaments in her sophomore and junior years. Phil has many interests outside of sports, but the most amusing one is her love for hats. Her taste in hats has yet to be surpassed. After graduating, Phil hopes to go on to college.



By Helen Giftos

Muriel Bookless, '46, a sophomore at Marshal College in Huntington, W. Va., was recently selected "Sweetheart of Tau Epsilon Phi."

Jeanne Cusato, '46, a junior at Skidmore College, has been elected president of the Skidmore College Chorus for the 1949-50 season.

Margaret Gibbs, '46, is in her second year of training at St. Luke's Hospital. "Peg" is the vice-president of her class this year.

Kathleen Donaldson, Alma Winnard, both of '47, in training at St. Luke's Hospital, have completed their course in child care at a children's hospital in Boston and have returned to their second year of training here.

Eileen Zemmel, '48, a freshman at Bridgewater State Teacher's College, is to be a leader at Deming Park this year. Janet Ellis of '47, will also be a park leader this year.

Arlene Cohen, '48, received the highest mark given in Spanish last term at Syracuse University. Arlene is a member of the Class of 1952.

Amey Pancorbo, '46, Smith 1950, has been elected president of the Spanish House at Smith College for her senior year. Recently she was chosen as a delegate to the United Nation's conference summer session to be

held at Mount Holyoke College in July. She will also be one of the group of junior ushers at the Smith College commencement.

P. H. S. was proud to see the names of a number of our graduates on the Dean's List at the University of Massachusetts: Priscilla Parsons, Anna Walak, Betty Krieger, Paul Perry, Mary Granfield, and Mary Morano.

Harold Agar, '47, a second year student at Antioch College in Ohio, is now on his co-op job in New York City. He is majoring in mechanical engineering.

Bruce Brown, '47, a sophomore at Randolph-Macon College, is a member of Lambda Chi Alpha and Chi Beta Phi, a scientific honorary fraternity. He is also a member of the Glee Club, which was recently televised during its concert in Washington, D. C.

Pittsfield High School is well represented in Uncle Sam's Services. Among those recently to have entered the service are the following:

Ernest Roy, '48, is in the Air Force. "Erney" is stationed at Scott Field in Illinois.

Albert Miraglia, '48, is in the Air Force and is stationed in New Jersey.

Alfred Quinto, '47, is also in the Air Force. "Al" will leave for duty in France soon.

Renaldo DelGallo, '48, in the service now, has been accepted on scholarship at RPI.

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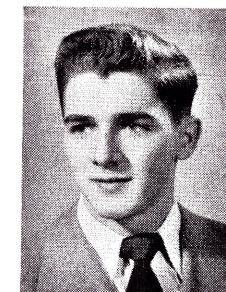
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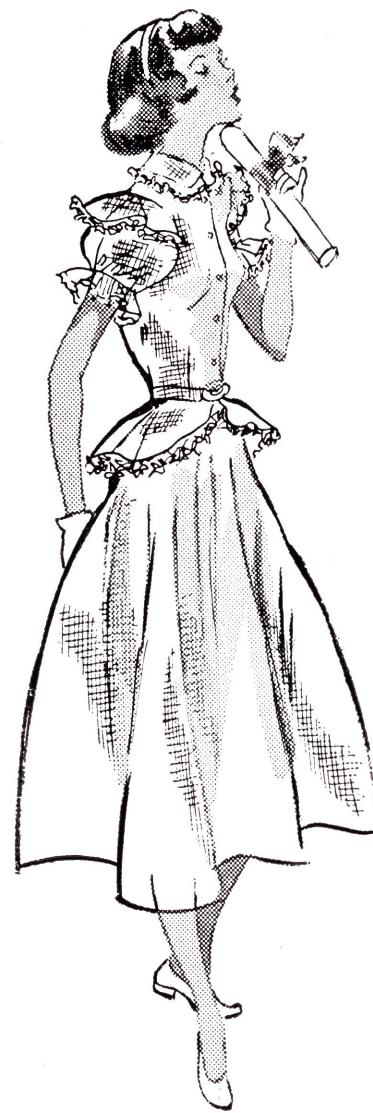
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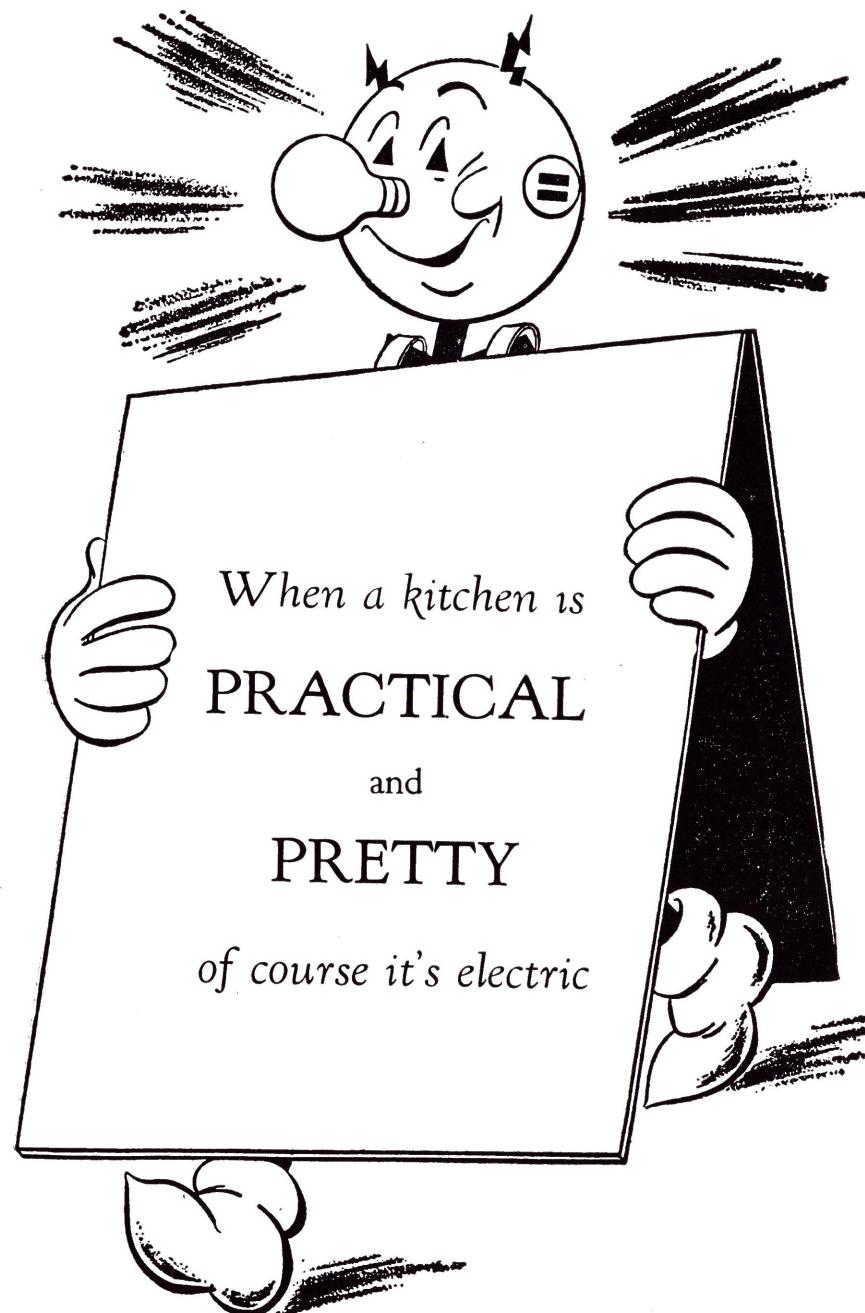
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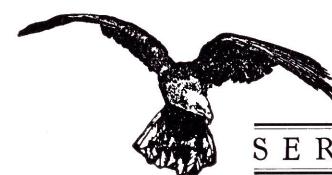
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